

byler shorts ♡ by orphan_account

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Summary:

a bunch of short byler headcanons :) if you have any suggestions, please tell me!

1. mike's dreams

Author's Note:

hello ! i'm new to ao3 but this is a lil thing i posted on twitter so :-)) i hope you enjoy!

Mike has bad dream, waking up to Will, who comforts him.

Mike heard small, soft sobs from a weak, familiar voice coming from what seemed to be all around him.

"Mike? A-are you there? H-help..."

He shot up from his spot on the floor, sweating as his eyes frantically searched around for Will. He spotted the boy on his bed, sleepily rubbing his eyes as he slowly woke up from the noise Mike had made, "Mike? Is everything alright?"

He nodded, "yeah, yeah, I just...had a bad dream."

Will sat up, his eyes still sleepy but still obviously filled with concern, "do you wanna talk about it? How bad was it?"

"It's just...when you were...back /there/, in the Upside Down, sometimes I'd dream of you. Like you calling for help and stuff and I-I couldn't get to you. I had another one of those. It scared me," his voice cracked slightly as he spoke, choking up as tears threatened his eyes, "I-I thought you were gone again..."

Will motioned him to sit with him on the bed, which Mike did, "you heard those?"

Mike looked at him, eyes slightly wide in shock, "wait, you actually...?"

"Yeah. Sometimes I would call for you when I was scared or in my sleep or just...y-yeah. But I'm here now," he took Mike's hand in his

own, "and as long as I have any say in it, I'm not leaving again." A few tears fell from Mike's face and he was quick to wipe them away, but Will caught them before he could. Mike hid his face, not wanting to see him cry, "I'm sorry, I just..."

Will interrupted him with a hug, "it's okay, Mike, it's okay." Mike hugged back, his tight yet gentle grip shocking Will slightly. Will held him as close as he could, wanting to show him he would never, /ever/ leave him again if he could help it. He wanted to be there for him whenever he needed him, and planned to be.

Mike sobbed softly into Will's shoulder for a few moments, Will comforting him and trying not to cry at just the sight of Mike crying. He sniffed, "I don't know what I'd do if I lost you again...I-I love you, Will. I love you so much," he cried. Will put his hands to cup the other boy's face, wanting to kiss away his tears as he looked at him, "I love you too, Mike. More than you could ever know."

Mike smiled, his heart being filled with absolute /love./ He had no idea how his heart could hold /so/ much love for one, single person. He was so glad Will was just here, here again so he could look at him, hold him, tell the whole world how much he loved him. He never wanted to leave his side.

Will inched toward him slowly, soon enough them meeting in the middle. Their lips brushed against each other's softly, Will still cupping Mike's face. They kissed. The kiss screamed all the things they couldn't express in words- how much they needed each other, how much they adored one another, and most of all, how much they loved each other. It screamed promises of staying, promises of love. They were sure that it was impossible to love each other as much as they did, that it wasn't humanely possible, but they did. And they planned for it to stay that way for a long, long time.

2. sweet

Summary for the Chapter:

inspired by cigarettes after sex's song sweet ! mike
and will sit at the park, singing

Mike sighed, closing his eyes as he relished the feeling of the wind blowing through his mopy hair. He sat with will on a two-person swing, swinging their feet back and forth slowly in sync. They had been walking around in Hawkin's family park, as they did sometimes after school, and decided to take a break. Their bikes were parked nearby, sitting side-by-side in their usual spot. On most days, they'd just walk around and talk, sometimes just staying silent and enjoying each other's presence; but this day seemed different. The air felt different. It almost felt...peaceful. This was seriously rare considering all that had happened throughout the past few months, but they didn't mind. They didn't mind at all. If anything, they cherished it. They embraced it, wishing they could feel like this more often.

Mike turned his head, sneaking a glance at will. He almost had a...happy look on his face; an expression mike hadn't seen for months. Not just a small smile from hearing a joke, not just a smile from seeing his friends. A genuine smile, as if nothing were wrong. As if all what had happened had gone away. His friends made him happy, they really did, but he could never forget about what had happened. He looked *happy*right now. Mike wanted him to stay like this forever, or at least more often.

Mike wanted nothing more than for will to be happy. He deserved it; he'd been through so much. Mike didn't understand how Will was so /strong/. If Mike had to go through all that he had, he probably wouldn't be able to go through a day without crying. But Will did, because he's strong. Mike admired him for that. Another reason out of millions to love him.

Mike must have been staring at the smaller boy, since his eyes suddenly met up with his. He smiled and glanced down, feeling Will lean his head onto his shoulder. Mike let him lean into him, reaching an arm around him gently. He saw Will's other hand inching toward

his and he gladly took it, softly intertwining their fingers with a blush. Mike's hand overlapped Will's small hand, a feeling that never failed to make Will's heart flutter. It made him feel protected, safe.

Will shut his eyes, sighing contently. He softly began to hum, a tune of a song the two of them knew well. His humming soon turned into light singing.

*It's so sweet,
Knowing that you love me
Though we don't need to say it to each other,
Sweet
Knowing that I love you,
And running my fingers through your hair
It's so sweet*

Will sang softly, his voice full of love. It was a song both Mike and Will loved, and reminded them of each other. Mike recognized the song at once, joining in,

*And I will gladly break it,
I will gladly break my heart for you
And I will gladly break it,
I will gladly break my heart for you*

They smiled as they sang together, harmonizing. Sometimes they did this. It somewhat became natural for them. It was usually a song that showed exactly how the two felt for each other.

"I would break my heart for you," Mike said, his voice coming out as almost a whisper.

"Well you don't have to worry about that, love," Will reached up, softly pressing his lips against Mike's, kissing him. Mike kissed back, his hand still protecting Will's, "and you don't, either. I love you."

"I love you too, Mike."

3. valentine's day

Summary for the Chapter:

here's a little thing I whipped up for Valentine's Day
:) !! will doesn't like valentines because he never has
one (but that's about to change)

Will groaned, seeing the calendar. February fourteenth. Valentine's Day. Most people loved Valentine's Day; those who were in relationships, at least. Usually Will didn't mind it. He thought the idea was cute, he just wished he could be able to experience it with someone for once. Over the years it was beginning to get to him; was he not good enough to be someone's Valentine? Was he that horrible? He shrugged it off, getting ready for school. Maybe this Valentine's wouldn't be so horrible.

When he got to school, the positivity died immediately. He saw couples everywhere; kissing each other, holding hands, giving each other roses and chocolates. Lockers were decorated with love notes and other cheesy things.

He sighed, walking to his own locker, not expecting anything. He opened it absentmindedly, throwing his bookbag in and grabbing his books. He shut the locker door, jumping back at the sight of it.

It was covered in fake rose petals, a bunch of little feathery heart magnets on it as well. There was a rose taped onto it as well as a note written in big, big letters:

“Will you go out with me?”

He immediately recognized the handwriting: Mike's. His face flushed immediately, speechless. He didn't know what to say. He turned to see Mike and the rest of the party standing near the water fountains, coming out of hiding from a wall to see Will's reaction.

Mike walked up to will with a nervous smile, holding a box of chocolates in his hands. he handed them to Will, “so, w-what do you say?”

Will looked back from the locker to Mike, mouth cutely open in surprise. He slowly brought his hands to take the chocolate, “o-of course, Mike.”

Mike smiled brightly, pulling will into a big hug while the rest of the party cheered behind them. They hugged for a couple of moments, Will melting safely into Mike’s arms. Mike sighed happily and smiled at Will, running a hand through Will’s soft hair, “happy Valentine's Day, Will.”

4. since we were kids

Summary for the Chapter:

something based off of the prompt "what if I told you I've been in love with you since we were kids"!!

"You have not!"

"Yes I have!"

"Don't lie! You've never even kissed someone, how could you be in love?"

"You don't have to kiss someone to be in love, Mike. It's more complicated than that."

Mike grinned. "Then who are you in love with if you know so much about it?"

Will hesitated for a moment, fiddling his thumbs. "None of your business, Wheeler."

"Hah!" Mike pointed at him, a big smile on his face. "You hesitated! You've never been in love with anyone!"

"No, I just don't want to tell you who it is!"

"And why not? I'm your best friend, if you were in love with anyone then I'd be the first to know..." Mike's expression seemed to falter a bit, doubt taking over his face. "Right?"

"I-" Will bit his lip, not knowing what to say. In theory, Mike was right, but...he couldn't tell him. He could tell him if he was in love with anyone else, but...he's in love with the very boy in front of him. Mike Wheeler. He couldn't tell him he was in love with him, or any boy for that fact.

"Do you not trust me?" Mike was obviously hurt, the playful tone completely out of his voice now. Will started to say something but Mike shook his head. "Mo, it's okay. You don't have to tell me, I get

it.”

“M-Mike, no. It's not that I don't trust you, I just...it's complicated.”

“Complicated? I've been through complicated, Will. You can tell me anything, I'd never judge you. I don't even care if it's one of our friends. But...I get it. You don't have to tell me.” Mike pouted at the ground, his words contradicting the anger in his cheeks. Will was his *best friend*, why wouldn't he tell him?

“Mike, I wish I could tell you, I really do but-”

“Then why can't you tell me? What's stopping you, Byers?”

“Me. I'm stopping me, Mike. I just can't tell you.” His voice sounded small, he was sure he sounded pathetic. Mike could probably hear his heart beating fast in his chest, beating for him.

“Why not?” Mike's voice was harsh, but desperate at the same time. Did his best friend not trust him? “What's the point of being best friends if you can't trust me with stuff like this?”

Will looked up to him, his words frightening him. Will felt his heart twist at his words. What was he saying? Did he not want to be best friends anymore? “What do you mean?”

“What's the point of it, Will? Friends are supposed to trust each other and...you don't.” Years threatened Mike's eyes, his voice was shaking. He didn't know what he was saying, he loved Will. He didn't want to stop being his friend. He wanted to stay with him. Even if he couldn't admit it, deep down he wanted to be more. He hated what he was saying, but he couldn't stop. he just couldn't stop.

Will was speechless, looking up at him with scared eyes. He didn't want Mike to leave him, he longed to be with him forever. Mike couldn't take looking at those big, sad eyes that he loved so much anymore. He stood up, walking towards the door.

“W-what...”

Mike hesitated, turning back slightly to see if he'd continue.

“What if I told you I've been in love with you since we were kids?”

Mike stopped at the door, turning back completely. His mouth hung open and his eyes were wide in shock. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Will Byers was in love with him. Will Byers, his best friend, is in love with him.

“You are?”

Will looked down, terrified. “Yeah.” He refused to look up. He stuttered and picked at his nails, panic swelling up in his chest. He can't believe he just confessed to his love, Mike wheeler. his best friend, Mike wheeler, who might hate him now. Who might call him slurs and hit him just like anyone else would. “I-I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable, I-I I'm sorry I just...I couldn't let you just leave a-and-”

He heard shuffling towards him, and soon enough Mike wheeler had his arms wrapped around him. Will kept his shoulders tensed and his breathing stopped until he heard Mike speak softly.

“I think I love you too.”